

ONT vol 2

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i. maya means

maya means: my whole world warps around women.
what was it like to be ten? i knew less, but saw more,
then: those i now pass over.

maya means: i'm pulling right and up the stairs to
street-level, why?

some knee-high boots, a languid sway: a faceless
dame draws me in her wake.

to honour the Somali guy, i halt & pivot left. i reconvene, i center to whatever: a silver door i've neverseen that brings me thru a tunnel under Bay into the bus station - back into my seat & self-containment.

i'm spacey on the outside, randy within. upskirt-aggressive with the dreamy shopgirls, the single tellers on wandering lunchbreak. what was it like to be nine, again? i upsuck my gonads, train my cathexis on the super-thin Somali guy passing by. on mainland elders chatting over checkers in the foodcourt.

ii. short review: **SANS SOLEIL**

from heavy silk the hand extends the limb into a
limpness that is zombie-like. their jumpstep is lovely, &
frightening. is old or post-human, robotic / narcotic.



detail: SANS SOLEIL. Chris Marker: France, 1983

finger cymbals organize the throng. they're passing
thru - as paradedgirls ought to. inspire us to die into
a future they're returning to. we're hearing now the
sounds of, what, the late '70s? i'm sceptical of travel,
of international food-fests down at Harbourfront so
stay inside - but this is new, i think.

iii. vocab

lissome is lovely, a thinning of **lithesome**.

lithesome is lovely tho lingers mid-word, is lascivious, slightly.

torc or **torque**, an Iron Age adornment on neck, ankle, or - i hope - a waist. Celtic, Illyrian, Scythian. Persian hours followed in fashion, with kohl around the eyes and a silver collar open at the throat.

chuppah, chuppa, huppah, chipe: a nuptial canopy.

the night's a **kop**, a hive upon a humming throng.

gul rug, aneath: the huge, wonky octagons.

gul may be the ghazal's **gal**, the persian **phul**, the rose
or **roundel**.

iv. eros has an underside

a stencil on Gerrard, on the sidewalk east of
Jorgenson:

FIND WHAT YOU LOVE
THEN LET IT **KILL** YOU

follow till it folds into its opposite. extremes conjoin:
the daoist dictum pkd so often cites.

the primal scene disturbs & draws us. a single face,
wide & tight, for ecstasy & heart-seizure.

eros has an underside, a will to be done with it, to come apart.

thanatos is older than eros, for Freud: vestige of the pre-organic in us.¹

for William Irwin Thompson, personal death is the cost of sex, of producing genetic originals.²

¹ Joanne Faulkner, **Freud's Concept of the Death Drive and its Relation to the Superego**. in **Minerva - An Internet Journal of Philosophy** [vol. 9, 2005]

² William Irwin Thompson, **Imaginary Landscapes: Making Worlds of Myth and Science** [St. Martin's Press, 1989] p 24-25.

to live is to strive - on life's behalf. dopamine may warp the strife into excitement, but we're wary in our depths.

in pale dreams, in an a.m. grave it is life - not death
- we seem to fear.

dopamine may warp it but we tire to the same one
sleep-wish: to dwindle down, get low with the
immobile and senseless.

v. short review: **In the Mood for Love**



Wong Kar-Wai: Hong Kong, 2000

the era has passed : a title-card's lament. **nothing that belongs to it exists, now**: a mourner's words, not objective fact. he's lost both her [Maggie Cheung] and all proportion.